THE

MANAGERS

MANAGED.

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THE

MANAGERS MANAGED:

OR, THE

CHARACTERS

OF THE

FOUR KINGS of BRENTFORD.

In ſpite of new made Laws and new made Kings,
The free-born Muſe with lib'ral Spirit ſings.

CHURCHILL.

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To Mr. KENRICK:

KENRICK, could your good ſenſe perſuade to write,
And enter into this heroic fight?
Could you ſo far forget yourſelf and ſenſe,
At Spatter's character to take offence?
When C— brought that character to view,
We plainly ſaw it was himſelf he drew;
Careſs'd by learning and by wit remain,
Nor feel one anxious thought to pleaſe the vain.

THE
MANAGERS
MANAGED:

TO ſing of Diſcord would appear a joke,
Should I the pow'rs of harmony invoke;
Rather the praiſe of ſalutary ſcorn
" Inſtead of peaceful Bays my brows adorn;
Or teach me truth with unimbelliſh'd rage,
To draw theſe mimic monarchs of the ſtage,

Who with ſuch pride bear arbitrary ſway,
* And fain would teach their maſters to obey;
For ſatisfaction on each other call,
When 'tis perhaps colluſion in 'em all.

Are ye at enmity, or are ye not?
Or have ye only ſlily hatch'd a plot?
Slily your empty theatre to fill,
And to your profit bend the public will:
Sure your emoluments are not ſo ſmall,
That you for aid ſhould on the public call:
Can the ſtage finances have ſuch ſucceſs,
As to require an ally in the preſs?

* Alluding to the inſolent familiarity with which ſome narratives lately publiſhed have treated the greateſt names in this nation.

Or

Or was it pride encourag'd you to write,
And dignify yourſelf in merits ſpite?

In merits ſpite perhaps you'll all reply,
I've merit Sir — and I — and I — and I —
You have dear gentlemen — pray be diſcreet,
I muſt allow you all have much conceit;
Therefore I'll ſhew the characters of each,
Satire will curb, where reaſon fails to teach.
T — H — then appears the firſt eſquire,
A man poſſeſs'd of much litigious fire,
Vain and uncertain, abſolute yet odd,
Often a devil, now and then a God.
What muſt we think, *arms and the man* his boaſt,
To find an artful woman rule the roaſt?
Govern'd by mice the elephant we ſee,
And whales ſubmit to meaner things than he.

Thus oftentimes we Managers perceive
The humble tail before the head believe,
And joyfully to pleaſure's ſeat ſubmit,
Rather than kneel before the throne of wit.

Mark Anthony, as ancient records ſhew,
To pleaſe his miſtreſs, fled before his foe;
Of fame regardleſs, left the field in haſte,
And for the ſake of one, nor fair, nor chaſte:
But fancy not I equal you to him,
Or ſink an hero to a man of whim:
You've his defects, but not his beauties too,
His labyrinth of faults without the clue;
We look bewilder'd on your folly's maze,
And find no merit to divert the gaze.
A Manager — hot-headed and a fool,
Bending beneath a weaker woman's rule:

For ſhame exert yourſelf, and if you can,
Prove, although fooliſh, ſtill you are a man;
Of folly deputiz'd, the ſhame diſown,
Nor in ſtupidity, an ally own,
And prove to each cenſorious prying elf,
You're blockhead to no perſon but yourſelf;
Your brainleſs head againſt the world defend
But for no other's want of brains contend.

We R — d colleagu'd with H — ſee,
The echo of his brother patentee;
His inſolence or nonſenſe to maintain,
And ſecond his careſſes or diſdain,
An (o) that follows (1) compoſes ten,
And coupled fools are ſometimes deem'd as men;
The bulk of fools we dread, and not the power,
Since folly's appetite can ſenſe devour.

What

What ſcandal to a man to be the tool,
Of one that's deem'd by all a woman's fool?
With ſuch unequal'd gravity of face,
Emerge for ſhame above a lacquey's place;
The grave were once eſteem'd as wiſdom's ſons,
But now are ſunk to wittols, fops and luns.

Oh! gravity, thy origin reveal,
The myſtic ſecret of thy birth unſeal;
Whether to wiſdom by deſcent ally'd,
Or firm connected lineally to pride;
Whether the various follies of mankind,
Portray externals of a gloomy mind,
Work'd up by pity for the human race,
And indicated by a length of face:
Or rather ſay, is not thy aſpect wrought,
By inward pride, and vanity of thought,

Devoid

Devoid of guile the open truth diſplay,
And bring thy anceſtry to open day?
Alas! the awful phiz declines the charge,
And dares not on it's principles enlarge,
Inward detection eaſily we trace
When crimſon conſcience decorates the face,
This truth confeſs'd to human kind appears,
That gravity deſerves the aſſes ears;
Affected wiſdom's ceremonial glare,
To cauſe the ſtupid mobile to ſtare;
God's features to diſtort is ſurely odd,
In order to appear a demi-god;
Or to eſtabliſh as a certain rule,
That he who dares to ſmile muſt be a fool.
Now brutal ſtoiciſm is no more,
We leave its aſpect to the days of yore;

What

What affectation in old age appears,
Is quite ridiculous in greener years;
No more enſlav'd to others whims remain,
But quit your gravity and quit your chain;
Capricious H— rul'd by Leſſy ſtands,
And takes his laws implicit from her hands;
Which you implicitly from him receive,
And that they're good implicitly believe;
Implicitly to us you delegate,
And think your fiat abſolute as fate,
But faith we muſt to common ſenſe appeal,
Since you no dawn of ſentiment reveal;
The whole triumvirate compos'd of whim,
He made an aſs by her, and you by him,
And modeſtly imagine for your ſake,
The town itſelf the name of aſs will take:

But

But flatter not yourſelf and him in vain,
You aſſes by yourſelves muſt ſtill remain;
Or if ſome few engage upon your ſide,
We'll think it caprice, ignorance and pride;
Pride to be thought by all the tops in town,
Aſſociated with ſo much—renown;
And ignorance to think they thought can be
Of more concern than poor Buckhorſe or me;
Caprice muſt *captivate* the *coſtive* pate,
When without *cauſe* it *carries ceaſeleſs* hate,
When careleſs of its own affairs at home,
It muſt abroad for diſputation roam.

Candour excuſes many faults we know,
And diffidence can untaught fame beſtow;
Then lay your faults on want of ſenſe and youth,
And claim at leaſt the praiſe of ſpeaking truth;

If you refuſe (no merit elſe allow'd)
You muſt be ſhuffled in the ſenſeleſs crowd,
Where mix'd with blockheads we'll aſſwage your pain,
And kindly overlook without diſdain,
For 'tis imagin'd that your ſilly part,
Came not (like *Coleman*'s) from the head but heart,
That more the paſſions than the reaſon ſway'd;
And ſome was by ſenſation's means betray'd,
For faith I think, and others think the ſame,
That Leſſey's eyes have ſet your ſoul *in flame*;
To keep the rhyme, nor let the thought expire,
Prevented her from ſetting you on fire)
You'd not to gain her any quarrel breed,
But kindly when your friend has done, ſucceed.

George—the third king of Brentford next appears
In all the dignity of hopes and fears;

Wiſe

Wiſe to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Great but in fancy, flatter'd by a friend,
Leſſens his own, augments his rivals faults,
Others depreſſes, and himſelf exalts;
Quits for ſhort farces long litigious bills,
And would from writing fain be ruling wills:
That man muſt praiſe evtort from all who read;
Compoſing Farce—Play—Narrative—and Deed—
Our admiration ſuch a wit muſt bride,
Who can indite—indent—induct—inſcribe—
Can dull tautology of law ſubmit,
To all the brevity of modern wit:
Or can one genius with a ſkilful hand,
Such diſuniting ſciences command?
Reſtrain the gallop of poetic rage,
And make it amble through a vellum page;

Confine to Lincoln's-inn the muſes grove,
Or give the laws the liberty to rove?
Reluctant nature muſt the power own,
Which joins the torrid and the frigid zone.
In tragi-comi-dignity he ſwore,
The arts he lov'd ſhould now be foes no more;
My jarring dear, he cry'd I'll reconcile,
And make 'em friendly at each other ſmile,
" For by a ſkilful hand with judgment wrought,
" To coincide they may with eaſe be brought;
" Verſe runs on meaſur'd feet each poet knows,
Or modern poems would be only proſe;
" If low your ſentiments and diction bare,
" Be ſhort and long, and long and ſhort your care;
" When with heroic verſe you ſmoothly chime,
" Let the tenth ſyllable conclude the rhyme;

" Thus

" Thus every bard for ages had decreed,
" And taught each junior his mechanic creed;
" And all the graveſt judges in the land,
" Who eminent for ſenſe and wiſdom ſtand,
" This rule have made, eſtabliſh'd as divine,
" Six words in law exactly make a line;
" And for the benifit of dim-ey'd age,
" Thirteen exchequer lines compoſe a page;
" No crouded words can now deceive the ſight,
" Nor the rays dance in intermingled light,
" Such ſtrutting lines can give no man offence,
" Wide from each other as from truth or ſenſe;
" What reams of paper to contain a cauſe,
" What other reams to rectify the flaws;
" What quantities of harmleſs ſheep muſt bleed,
" For each long ſettlement or tedious deed;
" Nor butchers kill, nor we ſo faſt can eat,
" As they can fill with induſtry each ſheet

" Oh!

" Oh! would kind fortune to each bard diſpenſe
" Such wondrous profit for ſuch little ſenſe,
" Such great emolument, ſuch eaſy gain
" For ſuch ſtupidity of dying pain;
" Then would I riſe and brighten into day,
" And write and baſk beneath a golden ray;
" Then I'd at will create domeſtic ſtrife,
" And give the world another *Jealous Wife*;
" Then I'd as formerly with comic bound,
" Commit flat treſpaſs upon tragic ground."

For ſuch a coalition fate agreed,
And bade him, tho' unmeriting, ſucceed;

And plainly to the public it appears,
Miſs W— this Quixot of the drama ſteers;
His paſſions are the puppets of love's fire,
And hers the hand which plays the maſter-wire.

Theſe ſalutary maxims now attend,
Verſe to a poet ſure ſhould be a friend;
Place reaſon's mirrour, full before your ſight,
View carefully, and know yourſelf aright;
Let paſſion ceaſe and prejudice ſubſide,
You'll ſee your folly, ſelf-conceit, and pride,
Ridiculous in aiming to be great,
Deſpiſ'd beneath your mockery of ſtate;
Shew more humility and leſs preſume,
And think your conſequence is but in bloom,
Let calm reflection your loſt bays reſtore,
The curl adopt, and uſe the ſpur no more.

P— a manager and actor too,
Who in this quarrel makes but ſmall ado,
Yet ſays, and gives it wiſely under hand,
He will no longer as a *(cypher)* ſtand:

" They're

" They're all eſquires, as good folks agree,
" To make a fourth, pray who can hinder me;
" I'm equal to 'em all in birth, in place,
" In blood, in impudence, in want of grace;
" Beſides to all it plainly muſt appear,
" (E, S, Q, R,) I've wrote almoſt a year.
Pride is the eſſence of his very breed,
Pride made him very near forget his creed,
Tormenting him to ſpout and roam abroad,
To make his fellow-prentices applaud:
Sir R——t and his friends began to fret,
To hear him talk to ev'ry poſt he met,
Wingate and Webſter now neglected lay,
And tragic authors bore the bell away:
A note of hand from him was thus expreſs'd,
" Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt:"

Or

Or where the words *To Caſh*, you ought to ſee
You might expect—*To be, or not to be:*
No longer bleſt with a commercial head,
He to the Theatre from Buſineſs fled;
When reading frequently his own dear name,
He fancy'd popularity was fame;
Hackney'd his feeble powers through many parts,
Tir'd ev'ry eye, and ear, and loſt all hearts.
Acting and Managing, 'tis known, require
Senſe—Judgment—Feeling—Penetration—Fire;
Are you ſo great to make theſe champions yield,
" Equal to both, and arm'd for either field?"
Diveſt yourſelf of ſuch conceited whims,
It aſks a head as well as youth and limbs;
From nature, genius, temper'd well by art,
And from experience, wiſdom's better part.

Let

Let each on his own bottom firmly ſtand,
And take applauſe from approbations hand;
Each do his beſt, and make no more Appeals,
He merits moſt, who moſt his worth conceals.

FINIS.